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Perfectly harmless, contains no Arzente or Quinine and can be given to the most delicate person with perfect safety.

As a Tonic for Tired Feeling, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Nervous Depression and ow Spirits originating from Malaria, it stands some and without a Parallel. PRICE, \$1.00 Per Bottle. J. C. MENDENHALL & CO.,

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full-terated imitations which miss tical results of the Original, in spit srepresentations by envious would the grossest interspresentations by entirent would be competitive, and in just of hose relations and in the labors, (a) of which demonstrate the industry of the labors, (a) of which demonstrate the industrial dimeriority and popularity of his teaching). Prof. Leisetto's Art of Never Forgetting is recognized to-day in both Hemispheres as marking an Epoch in Memory Culture. His Prospectus sent post free jeve opinious of people in all parts of the globe who have actually andled his System is used only which being studied, not affect which the System is used only which being studied, not affected by made established on the leaguest in a single reading, made established on the leaguest in a single reading, made established on the leaguest in a single Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

ONE MONTHS' TRIAL

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The Best Afternoon Paper in the South.

All the News. All the Gossip. All the Markets

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Louisville, St. Louis & Texas R. R. Co.

TIME SCHEDULE,

MAIL AND STATIONS STATIONS

At 6:00 o'clok A. M., Sunday, May 12, 1889.

E.E.F.B.BROS	GAMELUNO,	KAPHERS.
	Union Depot, Louisv'	
	Alms House	
	leasure Ridge Park	
	Valley	
	Meadow Lawn	
	River View	
	West Point	
	Rock Haven	
	Long Branch	
	Brandenburg	
	Ekron	
	Guston	
9.59	Irvington	11.23
10.07	Webster	11.15
	Lodiburg	
	Pierco	
10.29	Sample	10.52 .
10.43	Stephensport	10.43
10.51	Holt	16.34
11.05	Cloverport	10.18
11.20	Skillman	10.02
11.32	Hawesville	9.48
11.46	Falcon	9.33
	Lewisport,	
12.14pm	Powers	9.03
	Pates	
	Owensboro	
1.00	Stanley	8.14



#### Dr. Talmage in Joppa

ELOQUENT SERMON AT THE BIRTH-PLACE OF SEWING

The Wonderful Lesson That May Be Deduced from the Life, Death and Resurction of Dorens-A Godly Model for All womankind to Copy.

Joppa, Dec. 1.—Today is memorable in the sacred history of Joppa, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preaching here to a company of Christian people of various denominations on "The Birthplace of Sowing Societies." He took for his text Acts ix, 39: "And all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them." The preacher said: preacher said:

Christians of Joppa! Impressed as I am with your mosque, the first I ever saw, and stirred as I am with the fact that your harbor once floated the great rafts of Lebanon bor once floated the great rafts of Lebanon cedar from which the temples at Jerusalem were builded, Solomon's oxen drawing the logs through this very town on the way to Jerusalem, nothing can make me forget that this Joppa was the birthplace of the sewing society that has blessed the poor of all succeeding ages in all lands. The disasters to your town when Judas Maccabeus set it on fire, and Napoleon had five hundred prisoners. fire, and Napoleon had five hundred prisoners massacred in your neighborhood, cannot make me forget that one of the most magnificent charities of the centuries was started in this scaport by Dorcas, a woman with her needle embroidering her name ineffaceably into the beneficence of the world. I see her sitting in yonder home. In the doorway and around about the building, and in the room where she sits, are the pale faces of the poor. She listens to their plaint, she pities their woe, she makes garments for them, she ad-justs the manufactured articles to suit the bent form of this invalid woman, and to the nificent charities of the centuries was started bent form of this invalid woman, and to the cripple that comes crawling on his hands and knees. She gives a coat to this one, she gives sandals to that one. With the gifts she mingles prayers and tears and Christian encouragement. Then she goes out to be greeted on the street corners by those whom she has blessed, and all through the street the cry is heard: "Dorcas Is coming!" The sick look up gratefully into her face as she puts her nd on the burning brow, and the lost and the abandoned start up with hope as they hear her gentle voice, as though an angel had addressed them; and as she goes out the lane, eyes half put out with sin think they see a halo of light about her brow and a trail of glory in her pathway. That night a half paid shipwright climbs the hill and reaches home, and sees his little boy well clad, and says: "Where did these clothes come from?" And they tell him, "Doreas has been here." In another place a woman is trimming a lamp; Dorcas brought the oil. In another place, a family that had not been at table for many a week are gathered now, for Dorcas has brought bread.

"DORCAS IS DEAD."

But there is a sudden pause in that woman's ministry. They say: "Where is Dorcas? Why, we haven't seen her for many a
day. Where is Dorcas?' And one of these day. Where is Dorcas?" And one of these poor people goes up and knocks at the door and finds the mystery solved. All through the haunts of wretchedness the news comes, "Dorcas is sick!" No bulletin flashing from the palace gate, telling the stages of a king's disease, is more anxiously awaited for than the news from this sick benefactress. Alas for Joppa! there is wailing, wailing. That for Joppa! there is wailing, wailing. That voice which has uttered so many cheerful words is hushed; that hand which had made so many garments for the poor is cold and still; the star which had poured light into the midnight of wretchedness is dimmed by the blinding mists that go up from the river of death. In every God forsaken place in this town; wherever there is a sick child and no balm; wherever there is hunger and no bread; wherever there is guilt and no commiseration; wherever there is a broken heart miseration; wherever there is a broken heart and no comfort, there are despairing looks, and streaming eyes, and frantic gesticulations as they cry: "Doreas is dead?" They send for the apostle Peter, who happens to be in the suburbs of this place, stopping with a tan-ner by the name of Simon. Peter urges his way through the crowd around the door, and stands in the presence of the dead. What expectulation and grief all about him! Here stand some of the poor people who show the stand some of the poor people, who show the garments which this poor woman had made for them. Their grief cannot be appeased. The apostle Peter wants to perform a mira-cle. He will not do it amidst the excited cie. He will not do it amidst the excited crowd, so he kindly orders that the whole room be cleared. The door is shut against the populace. The apostle stands now with the dead. Oh, it is a serious moment, you know, when you are alone with a lifeless body! The apostle gets down on his knees and prays, and then be comes to the lifeless form of this one all ready for the sepulcher, and in the strength of him who is the resurand, in the strength of him who is the resur-rection, he exclaims: "Tabitha, arise!" There is a stir in the fountains of life; the heart lutters; the nerves thrill; the cheek flushes; the eye opens; she sits up!
We see in this subject Dorcas the disciple,

Dorcas the benefactress, Dorcas the lan ed, Doroas the resurrected.

A MODEL FOR ALL WOMEN.

If I had not seen that word disciple in my text I would have known this woman was a Christian. Such music as that never came from a heart which is not chorded and strung by divine grace. Before I show you the needlework of this woman I want to show you her regenerated heart, the source of a pure life and of all Christian charities. I wish that the wives and mothers and daughters and sisters of all the earth would imitate become in her discipleship. Before you care ters and sisters of all the earth would imitate Dorcas in her discipleship. Before you cross the threshold of the hospital, before you enter upon the temptations and trials of to-morrow, I charge you, in the name of God and by the turmoil and tumult of the judgment day, O women! that you attend to the first, last and greatest duty of your life—the seeking for God and being at peace with him. When the trumpet shall sound there will be an uproar, and a wreck of mountain and continent, and no human arm can help you. Amidst the rising of the dead, and amidst the boiling of youder sea, and amidst the live, leaping thunders of the flying beavens, calm and placid will be every woman's heart who hath put her trust in Carist; calm, notwithstanding all the tumult, as though the fire in the heavens her trust in Christ; calm, notwithstanding all
the tunuit, as though the fire in the heavens
were only the glidings of an autumnal sunset, as though the peal of the trumpet were
only the harmony of an orchestra, as though
the awful voices of the sky were but a group
of friends bursting through a gateway at
eventime with langhter, and shouting: "Dorcas, the disciple!" Would God that every
Mary and every Martha would this day sit
down at the feet of Jesus!

Further, we see Dorcas the benefactress, istory has told the story of the crown; the

## SEVENTH ANNUAL OPENING

# Toys, Holiday Goods and Christmas Presents.

### THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1889.

Our display this year is immense. Two stores chuck full of Toys, Dolls, Games, Books, Etc.

Presents for old, young, middle aged and all. Come and see for yourself. Come to the opening. Bring the children. Remember the date.

## Jno. D. Babbage,

Headquarters for Santa Claus.

CLOVERPORT, KY.

fashioned the curtains in the ancient taber nacle; it cushioned the chariots of King Solomon; it provided the robes of Queen Eliza-beth, and in high places and in low places, by the fire of the pioneer's back log and under the flash of the chandelier, everywhere, it has clothed nakedness, it has preached the Gospel, it has overcome hosts of penury and want with the war cry of "Stitch, stitch, stitch!" The operatives have found a livelihood by it, and through it the mansions of the employer have been constructed. Amidst the greatest triumphs in all ages and lands, I set down the conquests of the needle. I admit its crimes; I admit its cruelties. It has had more martyrs than the fire; it has punctured the eye; it has pierced the side; it has struck weakness into the langs; it has sent madness into the brain; it has filled the Potter's field; into crime and wretchedness and wos. But now that I am talking of Dorcas and her ministries to the poor, I shall speak only of

TRUE CHARITY.

This woman was a representative of al those women who make garments for the destitute, who knit socks for the barefooted, who prepare bandages for the lacerated, who fix up boxes of clothing for missionaries, who go into the asylums of the suffering and destitute bearing that gospel which is sight for the blind, and hearing for the deaf, and which makes the lame man leap like a hart, and brings the dead to life, immortal health bounding in their pulses. What a contrast between the practical benevolence of this woman and a great deal of the charity of this day! This woman did not spend her time idly planning how the poor of your city Joppa were to be relieved; she took her nee-dle and relieved them. She was not like those persons who sympathize with imagi-nary sorrows, and go out in the street and laugh at the boy who has upset his basket of cold victuals, or like that charity which makes a rousing speech on the benevolent piat-form, and goes out to kick the beggar from the step, crying: "Hush your miserable howling!" The sufferers of the world want not so much theory as practice; not so much tears as dollars; not so much kind wishes as loaves of bread; not so much smiles as shoes; frocks. I will put one earnest Christian man, hard working, against five thousand mere theorists on the subject of charity. There are a great many who have fine ideas about church architecture who never in their life helped to build a church. There are men who can give you the history of Buddhism and Mohammedanism, who never sent hism and Mohammedanism, who never sent a farthing for their evange-ization. There are women who talk beautifully about the suffering of the world, who never had the courage like Dorcas to take the needle and

glad that there is not a page of the world's history which is not a record of fe-male benevolence. God says to all lands and people, come now and hear the widow's mite rattle down into the poor box. The princess of Conti sold all her jewels that she might help the famine stricken. Queen Blanche, the wife of Louis VIII of Prouge, hearing that there were some persons cerated in the prisons, went rabble and took a stick and rabbie and took a stick and as door as a signal that they might down went the prison door, prisoners. Queen Maud, the Henry I, went down amidst the Washed their sores, and administered to nem cordials. Mrs. Retson, at Matagorda, appeared on the battle field while the missiles of death were flying around, and cared for the wounded. Is there a man or woman who has ever heard of the civil war in America who has not heard of the women of the Sanitary and Christian commissions, or the fact that, before the smoke had gone up from Gettysburg and South Mountain, the women of the north met the women of the south on the battle field, forgetting all their animosities while they bound up the wounded, and closed the eyes of the slain! Doreas the benefactress!

WOMAN'S BENEVOLENCE

eyes of the slain! Doreas the benefactress!

DORCAS THE LAMENTED.

I come now to speak of Doreas the lamented. When death struck down that good woman, oh, how much sorrow there was in this town of Joppa! I suppose there were women here with larger fortunes; women, perhaps, with handsomer faces; but there was no grief at their departure like this at the death of Doreas. There was not more turnoil and upturning in the Mediterranean sea, dashing against the wharves of this seatoport, than there were surgings to and fro of grief because Doreas was dead. There are a great many who go out of life and are unmissed. There may be a very large funeral; there may be a great many carriages and a plumed heares; there may be high sounding culosiums; the bell may toll at the cemetery

gate; there may be a very fine marble shaft reared over the resting place; but the whole thing may be a falsehood and a sham. The church of God has lost nothing; the world has lost nothing. It is only a nuisance abated; it is only a grumbler ceasing to find fault; it is only an idler stopped yawning; it is only a dissipated fashionable parted from his wine cellar; while, on the other hand, no useful Christian leaves this world without being missed. The church of God cries out like the prophet: "Howl, fir tree, for the cedar has fallen." Widowhood comes and shows the garments which the departed had made. Orphans are lifted up to look into the calm face of the sleeping benefactress. Reclaimed vagrancy comes and kisses the cold how of her who cherned it was a fall of the cold how of her who cherned it was a fall of the cold how of her who cherned it was a fall of the cold how of her who cherned it was a fall of the cold how of her who cherned it was a fall of the cold how of her who cherned it was a fall of the cold her who cherned it was a fall of the cold her who cherned it was a fall of the cold her who cherned it was a fall of the cold her who cherned it was a fall of the cold her who cherned it was a fall of the cold her who cherned it was a fall of the cold her who call the cold her call the cold her call the cold her call the cold her call the ca brow of her who charmed it away from sin, and all through the streets of Joppa there is mourning — mourning because Dorcas is dead.

and women of pomp and pride and position that went out after her; but I am most affect-ed by the story of history that on that day there were ten thousand of the poor of France who followed her coffin, weeping and waiting until the air rang again, because when the lost Josephine they lost their last earthly friend. Oh, who would not rather have such obsequies than all the tears that were ever poured in the lachrymals that have been exhumed from ancient cities. There may be no mass for the dead; there may be no costly sarcophagus; there may be no elab-orate mausoleum; but in the damp cellars of the city and through the lonely buts of the mountain glen there will be mourning mourning, mourning, because Dorcas is dead. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their DORCAS THE RESURRECTED

I speak to you of Dorcas the resurrected. The apostle came to where she was, and said:
"Arise! and she sat up." In what a short compass the great writer put that: "She sat upi" Oh, what a time there must have been around this town when the apostle brought her out among her old friends? How the her out among her old friends? How the tears of joy must have started! What clapping of hands there must have been! What singing! what laughter! Sound it all through that lane! Shout it down that dark alley! Let all Joppa hear it! Doreas is res-

a time; not a dead body resuscitated, but the deceased coming up again after death in the good accomplished. If a man labors up to 50 years of age, serving God, and then dies, we are apt to think that his earthly work is done. No! His influence on earth will continue till the world censes. Services rendered for Christ never stop. A Christian woman toils for the upbuilding of a church through many anxieties, through many self denials, with prayers and tears, and then she dies. It is fifteen years since she went away. Now the spirit of God descends upon that indreds of souls stand up and confess the faith of Christ, Has that Christian woman, who went away fifteen years ago, nothing to do with these things? I see the flowering out of her noble heart. I hear the echo of her footsteps in all the songs over sins for-given, in all the prosperity of the church. The good that seemed to be buried has come up again. Dorcas is resurrected.

ASLEEP IN JENUS. After awhile all these wome my friends of Christ will put down their needles forever.

After making garments for others, some one
will make a garment for them; the last robe we ever wear-the robe for the grave, will have heard the last cry of pain. will have witnessed the last orphanage, will have come in worn out from your round of mercy. I do not know where you will sleep, nor what your epitaph will be; but there will be a lamp burning at that tomb and an angel of God guarding it, and through all the long night no rude foot will disturb the dust. Sleep on, sleep on! Soft bed, pleasant shadows undisturbed repose!

Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep;
From which none ever wake to weep.
Then one day there will be a sky rending, and a whirl of wheels, and the flash of a pageant; armies marching, chains clanking, banners waving, thunders beoming, and that Christian woman will arise from the dust, and she will be suddenly surrounded—surrounded by the wanderers of the street whom she reclaimed, surrounded by the wounded souls to whom she administered! Daughter of God, so strangely surrounded, what means this! It means that reward has come; that the victory is won; that the crown is ready; that the banquet is spread. Shout it through all the crumbling earth. Sing it through all the flying heavens. Doreas is resurrected!

In 1855, when some of the soldiers came back from the Crimean war to London, the queen of England distributed among them beautiful medals, called Crimean medals. Galleries were erected for the two houses of parliament and the royal family to sit in. There was a great audience to witness the distribution of the medals. A colonel, who had lost both feet in the battle of Inkerman, was pulled in on a wheel chair; others came in limping on their crutches. Then the queen of England arose before them in the name of her government, and uttered words of commendation to the officers and men, and distributed these medals, inscribed with the four great battlefields—Alma, Baiaklava, Inkerman and Sebastopol. As the queen gave these to the wounded men and the wounded officers, the bands of music struck up the national air, and the people, with streaming eyes, joined in the song: God save our gracious queen!

And then they shouted: "Huzza! huzza!" Oh, it was a proud day for those returned warriors: But a brighter, better and gladder day will come, when Christ shall gather those who have toiled in his service, good soldiers of Jesus Christ. He shall rise before them, and in the presence of all the glorifled of heaven he will say: "Well done, good and faithful servant!" and then he will distribute the medals of eternal victory, not inscribed with works of righteousness which we have done, but with those four great battlefields, dear to earth and dear to heaven, Bethlehem Nazareth! Gethsemane! Calvary!

Washington Historical Society in England. A movement is afoot to form a George Washington historical society in England the chief promoter of it being the Rev George Washington, chaplain of St. George's Jubilee church, 7 Rue des Bassins, Paris, who is the eldest representative of the Durham branch of the Washington family in England, "There is," he writes, "much info mation concerning the history, ancestry and records of life of Gen. Washington that has been collected by individuals, which has years, together with my brothers, Capt. Washington, R. N., and Maj. Washington, R. E., I have collected documents, state-ments, etc., which will be of value to another

Many others have done the same-Ameicans naturally, as well as English. After the deaths of the collectors these papers of interest will probably be scattered, lost or destroyed. I therefore propose that those in England interested in the matter form them-selves into a 'society' to centralize this interest, preserve the documents collected, and most from time to time to compare experi-ences and exchange views. The late Brasses theft at Sulgrave seems to point to the neces-sity of some effort to this effect. I can answer for my brothers and four cousins of the same name, who would agree to the de-sirability of such an endeavor. I shall be glad to explain further the details of what I pro-pose if correspondents will write to us."— Chicago Times.

The Old Miser.

"Speaking of close-fisted natures," said a Michigan Central railroad conductor, while waiting at the Third street depot the other day for his "run," "I saw one of the most striking examples out on our line during the exposition that I ever met. One of the wealthiest farmers in Michigan was at the depot near his home to see his daughter off. She was on her way to a small town in Ohio, where she will teach school this winter, and She was on her way to a small town in Ohio, where she will teach school this winter, and intending to stop at Detroit for a three days' visit with friends here and visits to the exposition. 'How's the farm done this year?' I asked the old gentleman—I was brought up near his place and knew him intimately—and he replied, 'Just middlin'.' Then I asked him if he was going to the exposition, and he replied, 'No; can't afford it.' At the same time I knew that besides his farm, worth easily \$15,000, he is a principal stockholder in a presperous inland city bank, besides having a half interest in one of the largest and best paying fruit farms on the shore of Lake Michigan. I'll bet his income ian't a cent less than \$10,000 a year, and yet he not only couldn't afford to take a week off and visit the exposition, but he allows his daughter to teach school for a living."—Detroit Free Press.

For every variety and phase of the many di cases which attack the air passages of the head, threat and lungs, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will be found a specific. This preparation allays inflamation, controls the disposition to cough, and prevents

RENTING CART HORSES.

How Large City Owners Make the Keep of Their Animals During the Winter. At this season of the year, as coal takes the place of ice as a marketable commodity and the sprinkling carts are relegated to the sheds, there are hundreds of men and likewise hundreds of horses thrown out of employment. It is regarding the latter that a reporter started out upon a tour of investigntion. Among the facts he learned are these: There are, probably, in New York considerably over 3,000 horses that are used from morning until night during the summer season that would have nothing to do during five months of the year, did their owners not hire them out. The hiring out of work horses is a new and

at the same time an old industry in this city.

It always has been done on a small scale, but it is only within the last few years that the advantage of biring out their borses during the winter, rather than following the precedent established by their forefathers of their heads off during the winter months There are at least two dozen corporations, employing the greater part of the year from 100 to 300 horses each, that advertise daily from the beginning of October, that work horses can be hired from their various offices The actual expense of keeping these horses out by the day for \$2 each, the owner fur nishing the food and care. Sometimes truckmen, even those enjoying a prosperous busi ness, have need for an extra team, truck. driver and barness. These can be obtained for from \$4 to \$5 a day. And this is a fact that The News readers might well remember, that a job of work may be done by one of these hired teams at \$5 a day that would cost, were a regular truckman employed, nearly double

teamsters who furnish their own harness and vehicle. Possibly their own horses are sick but more probably they have no horses, and rely solely upon hiring their motive powers to carry on their daily business. It is estimated that there are above 500 such teamsters in New York, and but for the establish ment of such stables they would be obliged to go into some other calling.

So profitable is the renting out of horses by

the day that many of the large corporations employing great numbers of horses keep an extra supply on hand the year around, so that this demand may be met both in summer and winter. But it is in the latter season that the big profits are reaped. There are a number of sales stables that rent out their horses prior to selling them. They receive work horses in droves from the west. They sometimes are obliged to keep these animals for months before they are sold. During that time any healthy horse will consume his cost in feed. To provide against this, certain enterprising horse dealers rent out their ani-mals by the day, and if the horse remains unsold a sufficient length of time the owner can well afford to give him away and still make a handsome profit on his investment. Some of the dealers, realizing the profit in hiring out their horses, have provided a complement of trucks, vans, bucksters' wagons and barnesses. These articles are let for from \$1 to \$2 a day in addition to the hire of the horse. The harness costs 50 cents a day only. For \$5 a moving van or a truck with a team and driver may be secured. Most of the men who rent horses, however, have their own vehicles and harnesses, and the ruling price for a horse at the present time does not exceed \$2 a day .- New York News.

Miss Way, an elderly lady, living alone at Salem, Conn., cleverly baffled a gong of ago. She was writing near a window, when a shotguh was thrust through the pane of glass and voices demanded her money. She seized the run, but it was soon taken from her. She then blew out the light, hastened to the room where her money was kept, in an old value, carried it to the cellar, and, quietly escaping through a hatchway, hurried across the fields, while the robbers were vainly searching the house for her wealth.—Phila-delphia Ledger.

As Enthusiastic Young Woman.

A young lady from Liberty county was among the spectators at the cavalry tilt at Atlanta, Tuesday, and when one of Liberty's troopers made a fine score she sprang up and gave a yell that made the Comanche Indians ashamed of themselves. Then she sat down and cried.—Savannah News.

Subscribe for the BRECKESEIDGE NEWS,

ODDS AND ENDS.

The entire village of Powelton, Pa., is advertised for sale. A Japanese has discovered a process of

making artificial tortoise shell with the whites of eggs. A curly walnut log was sold by a Burch, Logan county, W. Va., man for \$3,000, D.

It is announced at Quebec that work on the proposed Canada Atlantic cable will be begun next year and pushed to rapid completion. The invested capital is \$1,600,000.

Williamson, of Indianapolis, being the pur-

The new steam cruiser Philadelphia will have two electric light plants of the most approved pattern, and the most complete system adapted to marine work.

It is said that the late Mr. Phinizy, of \$100 to every Methodist minister who offici-ated in his funeral services. There were thir-

A Belfast, Me., merchant recently hired a new clerk, who immediately distinguished himself by trying to get those queer chimneys off the incandescent electric lamps so as to light them with a match.

The royal civil list in Bavaria amounts to 4,231,040 marks a year, and is now settled on the mad King Otto. Out of that sum 1,080,-000 marks are annually applied to the pay-ment of the debts left by the late king.

From a correspondence now in the course of publication in The London Spectator, it would appear that a number of intelligent men in England still believe in the efficacy of the divining rod in discovering water.

Large quantities of revolutionary docunents are mysteriously circulated in St. Petersburg and throughout Russia. It is asserted that the Nihilist propaganda is carried on with the assistance of high officials,

One of the visitors to the Eiffel tower has expressed in The Paris Figure his sense of its ight. "I would throw myself down from the top," he writes, "but that I am afraid of dying from hunger before I reach the bot-

In Guelph, Ont., the other day, every man, woman and child, so far as could be ascer-tained, suffered for about four hours with headache, and the local physicians are looking awful wise and talking about fissures in the earth and the escape of natural gases. If the most useful man is the happiest man,

a gentieman in Steep Falls, Me., must enjoy supreme bliss. Besides keeping a general store, in which he supplies the villagers with everything from saleratus to gum, from candy to coffins, from cold soda to woolen stockings, he is also the village barber, sexton, and gravestone manufacturer, and keeps a livery Umbrella making is among the most inter-

esting of Birmingham industries. Although not more than 1,000 hands are employed, something like 1,000 patents have been taken out during the last twenty years. The most recent inventor, who, if successful, will oclipse all rivals, is a maker who claims to have contrived a transparent umbrella, which, while being equally waterproof with silks and alpacas, will have the great advan-tage of allowing the wayfarer in a rain storm to avoid collision with lamp posts and other obstacles along the way. A notable application of the electric light

has just been made in Hungary. One of the richest of the Hungarian magnates has caused a very artistically designed private theatre to be erected at his castle, and it is illuminate t in all parts with the electric light. The plant for supplying the light could not be creeted near the castle, but was placed in a saw mill tance. The lighting, which is affected by transformers, comprises 160 glow lamps on the stage, 30 in the orchestra, 80 in the auditorium, and 80 in the adjoining rooms, circus, dining rooms and atelier. The building is also fitted with all the modern theatrical ap-pliances for the production of colors and for the regulation of light.

Quick, rafe and sure. This is said of Salvat o i, the great rheumatic remedy and greatest cure on eart's for pain. Price 25

Down in the Coal mines underneath the ground" coughs and colds are very frequent and there is where Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is invaluable.

Have your Printing done at this office.